

*The history*

And euery Greeke of mettell let him know,  
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke aloud.  
We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,  
A Prince calld *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,  
Who in his dull and long continued truce,  
Is restie growne: He bad me take a Trumpet,  
And to this purpose speake. Kings, Princes, Lords,  
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,  
That holds his honour higher then his case,  
And feeds his praise, more then he feares his perill,  
That knowes his valour, and knowes not his feare,  
That loues his Mistresse more then in confession,  
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)  
And dare avowe her beautie, and her worth,  
In other aimes then hers: to him this challenge;  
*Hector* in view of Troyans and of Greekes,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it:  
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Then euery Greeke did couple in his armes,  
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,  
Mid-way betweene your tents and walls of Troy,  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in loue,  
If any come, *Hector* shall honor him:  
If none, heele say in Troy when he retires,  
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth  
The splinter of a Launce. Euen so much,

*Agam.* This shall be told our louers Lord *Aeneas*,  
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,  
We left them all at home, but we are souldiers,  
And may that souldier a meere recreant prooue,  
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:  
If then one is, or hath a meanes to be,  
That one meetes *Hector*: if none else I am he.

*Nest.* Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man  
When *Hectors* grand-fire suckt. He is old now,  
But if there be not in our Grecian hoste,  
A noble man that hath no sparke of fire  
To answer for his loue, tell him from me,

*of Troylus and Cresseida.*

He hide my silver beard in a Gould beauer,  
And in my vambrace put my withered braines  
And meeting him tell him that my Lady,  
Was fairer then his grandam, and as chaste,  
As may bee in the world, (his youth in flood)  
He proue this troth with my three drops of blood,

*Aene.* Now heavens for-fend such scarcity of men.

*Vlis.* Amen: faire Lord *Aeneas* let me touch your hand,  
To our pavilion shall I leade you fir;  
*Achilles* shall haue word of this intent,  
So shall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent,  
Your selfe shall feast with vs before you goe,  
And finde the welcome of a noble foe.

*Vlis.* *Nestor.* *Nest.* What saies *Vlisses*?

*Vlis.* I haue a yong conception in my braine,  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is it?

*Vlis.* Blunt wedges riue hard knots, the seeded pride,  
That hath to this maturity blowne vp  
In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,  
Or shedding breede a nursery of like euill,  
To ouer-bulk vs all.

*Nest.* Well and how?

*Vlis.* This challeng that the gallant *Hector* sends,  
How euer it is spread in generall name  
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.

*Nest.* True the purpose is perspicuous as substance,  
Whose groseness little characters sum vp:  
And in the publication make no straine,  
But that *Achilles* weare his braine, as barren,  
As banks of libia (though *Apollo* knowes  
Tis dry enough) will with great speed of iudgement,  
I with celerity finde *Hectors* purpose pointing on him.

*Vlis.* And wake him to the answer thinke you?

*Nest.* Why tis most meete; who may you elce oppose,  
That can from *Hector* bring those honours off,  
If not *Achilles*: though't be a sportfull combat,  
Yet in the triall much opinion dwells:  
For here the Troyans tast our deerst repute,